

# Maryknoll



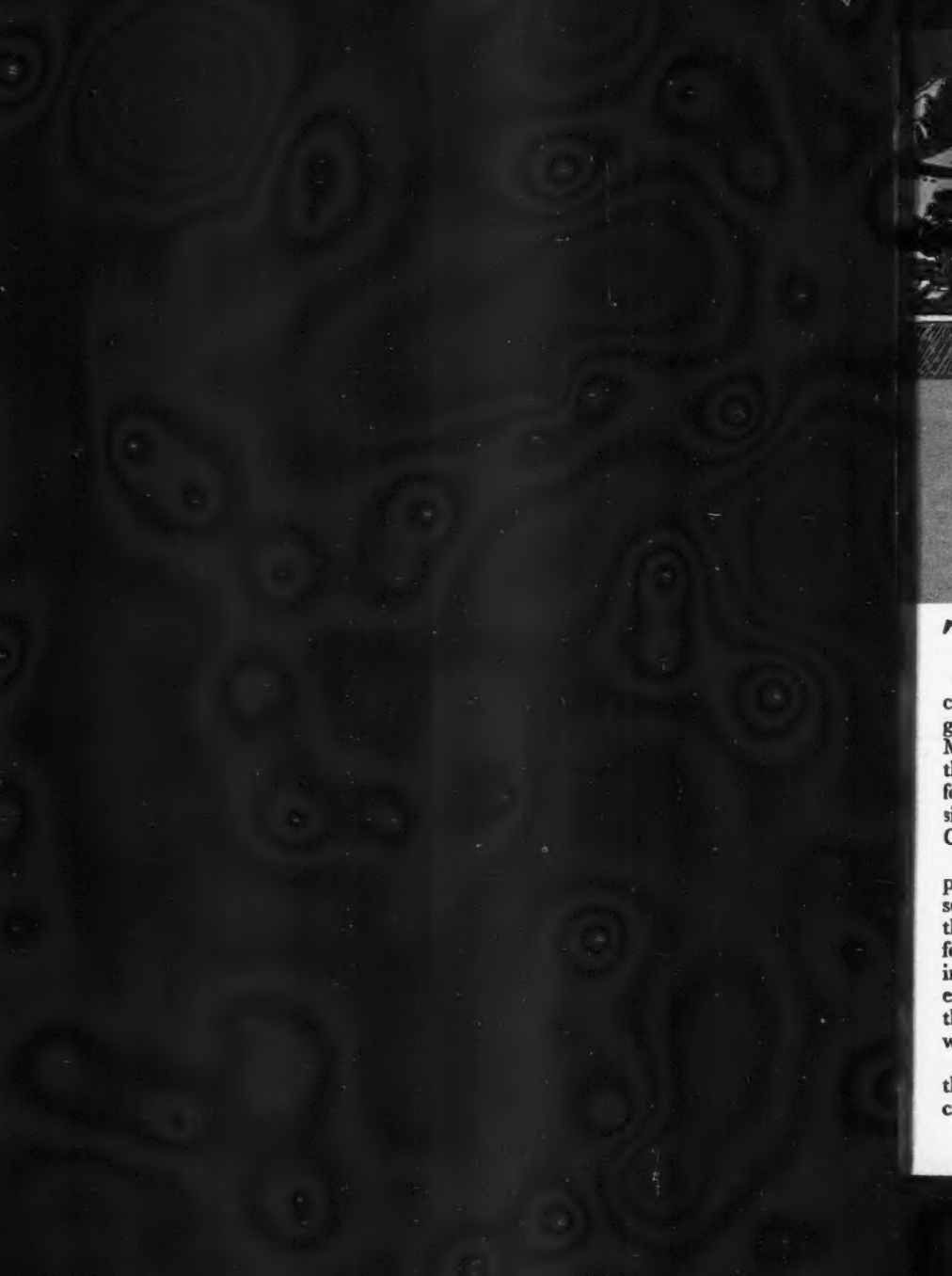
NOVEMBER 1949



**These Japanese lads find this abandoned Army canvas water bag great fun. Press a button and trickle, trickle! What American boy isn't envious?**



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## A Village Remembers

After seven years, affection still ran strong

by Aloysius Au

**T**HE CHURCH was jammed. Every now and then a subdued sob and an occasional sigh of grief could be heard from among the congregation. The occasion was the Memorial Requiem High Mass for the late Father John B. Callan, former pastor of this Hingning mission in the Kaying Diocese, South China.

The late Father Callan had been pastor of this mission for more than seven years. When he first came to this town of weavers and dyers, he found a dilapidated church, badly in need of repairs. The rectory was even worse; the roof leaked so badly that Father Callan had to go to bed with an open umbrella over him.

When Father Callan left Hingning, the number of Catholics had increased from about two hundred to

one thousand six hundred and eighty-seven. With funds generously donated by his relatives, friends and benefactors, Father Callan had built a new church and rectory for Hingning.

As soon as word reached here that the former pastor had died, the sad news spread quickly among the local Catholics. In the interior of China, notwithstanding the lack of communications, the "bamboo wireless" is very effective.

A day was set for a memorial service for Father Callan. Word got around that the pastor would like to see a goodly number show up on the appointed day. Although the service was held two days after the arrival

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FATHER AU is a Chinese priest of the Kaying Diocese. He now has charge of Father Callan's Hingning Mission.

of the sad news, there was an exceptionally fine turnout.

During the course of his sermon, the pastor mentioned many instances of Father Callan's fatherly affection for his flock, his charitable disposition toward the poor and needy, and his unfailing readiness to extend a helping hand to those in trouble.

"You now have a church where you can come for Mass on Sunday," the native pastor said in part. "Who built this church for you and your children? Father Callan! The pews that you now occupy — who had them made? Father Callan! When your children were born, Father Callan baptized them; when you were sick, Father Callan visited, and if necessary anointed you. When you had nothing to eat, Father Callan fed you; when you had nothing to wear he clothed you; when out of poverty or despair — and not infrequently out of sheer greed — you sold your sons or daughters to pagans, Father Callan redeemed them, that their souls might not be lost.

"Father Callan very generously, sparing no pains whatsoever, undertook to look after your spiritual and material welfare. Can you deny that Father Callan loved you as much as, or even more than, your own fathers? You called him 'shin fu' (Spiritual Father). Yes, Father Callan was a

spiritual father to you — every bit of it! — your spiritual welfare, from birth to death, was his main concern.

"Alas! Father Callan is no more! The memory of him, however, will ever be fresh and vivid in our minds as long as we live. How can we repay him for all the

kind words and deeds that he most unselfishly bestowed on us? We know that Father Callan never cared for the things of this world while he was alive, and they are useless to him in death. You can still express your love and gratitude for all that he did for you, by your prayers and good works. Who knows but that his poor soul may still be in purgatory? Who knows but that his poor soul is now beseeching you, who received so many temporal and spiritual favors from him when he was here as your pastor?

"Pray, pray, my dear brethren in Christ; pray for the soul of Father Callan! Implore the Lord to have mercy on his soul. Perform some good acts of charity. Offer up your daily actions, sorrows, sufferings and most important of all, have Masses said for the repose of Father Callan's soul. It is my wish, and I expect you to fulfill it, that at least two Requiem Masses be offered by the local Catholics, for Father Callan's intention, every month for the duration of this year."

## OUR MAILING ADDRESS?

It's easy to remember.

Write to:

**THE MARYKNOLL FATHERS,  
MARYKNOLL P. O., N. Y.**

The Chinese in the congregation were so touched by the pastor's sermon that immediately after the Memorial Mass, a committee was formed to raise funds for Masses to be offered for the repose of Father Callan's soul. In no time some twenty-five Masses had been signed up. And that was not the end of the matter either. The local Catholics had printed thousands of memorial cards, which they are having sent out to all Catholic churches in China. The same appreciative people are having a large portrait of the late Father Callan painted after which another memorial service will be held. Eventually, this portrait will be placed permanently beside the painting of the pioneer pastor of Hingning, Father Gyon, a missionary from France.

Such is the gratitude of the Chinese Catholics of the village of Hingning. As Catholics, they are as good as any in any part of the world. In truth, considering the fact that the majority of them are recent converts from downright paganism, and are living in a die-hard, superstitious environment, they should be given extra credit for this signal manifestation of affection for their dearly beloved spiritual father. Father Callan did such a grand job developing the possibilities of this infant mission, that we are confident that the future of the Faith in Hingning is assured.

The present church, the adjoining rectory, and the quarters for the catechumens, are shining monuments to Father Callan's untiring labors. They are the fruits of his courage, his patient industry, and his firm faith.



# 之圖光永及安永伊陽主聖

聖神神父，德高望重，美國福爾摩士，於公元一千九百零九年來華傳教，首至福爾摩士，後至寧平，一九三四年調任，任職本堂，七十年之久，其為人極其好善，慈祥，深得教友之愛戴，因此歸化日衆，乃出資重新建築，一九四一年竣工，不意於本年二月十七日，蒙主恩召其靈，享壽七十有七，願諸各方信友，為彼祈禱，神早垂天恩，以受永福。

公元一九四九年三月 日興奉天主堂 謹啟

## Translation of the Memorial Card:

### May God Give His Soul Eternal Rest

The late Father John B. Callan, a Maryknoll missionary, came to China in 1931. He was first assigned to Chiuling, Lungchun, and Fopin mission outposts before being appointed pastor of the Hingning church. For seven years the pastor, Father Callan was always kind, affable, and paternal, so that he was greatly loved by all of his flock. From the very beginning, there were so many conversions that Father Callan had to put up a bigger church, which he did — by the generosity of relatives, friends, and benefactors. In 1941 Father Callan returned to the land of his birth. His soul, by the will of God, was recalled on February 16, 1949, at the age of forty-five. The Catholics of all places in China are requested to pray for Father Callan, so that his soul may find eternal glory in heaven.

# The Cobra Confesses

by William J. Collins

"COME QUICK, Father!" the two natives cried. "There's a snake in the church!"

I heard the commotion coming from Father Bayless' room, and went to see what was wrong. After piecing together the excited jabbering of the men, Father Bayless and I gathered a variety of weapons and a lamp. With beating hearts we started for the church.

"In there!" yelled one of the natives, pointing to my confessional. And there, in a corner of the priest's side of the confessional, was a black cobra — one of the most dangerous snakes in all of Africa.

Our weapons included a broom, a crowbar, and a long spear. We flashed a light on the snake and it slithered around inside, trying to climb up the wall. A council of war was held. It was decided that I should lift up the curtain and as the snake came out, Father Bayless could get at it with his spear.

I hooked the curtain up with the end of the long broom. The movement startled the snake into activity, and he slid out of the confessional in a hurry. Father Bayless reached out with his long spear and struck the cobra. The wounded reptile whirled around, raised its head, and let fly a stream of venom that reached Father Bayless, though he stood about seven feet away. Father felt a slight spray on his cheek dangerously close to one of his eyes.

The angry cobra writhed and quivered until one of the natives came with a stick and struck repeated blows on the creature's head. The man uttered jubilant cries as he beat the snake, forgetting for the moment that he was in church.

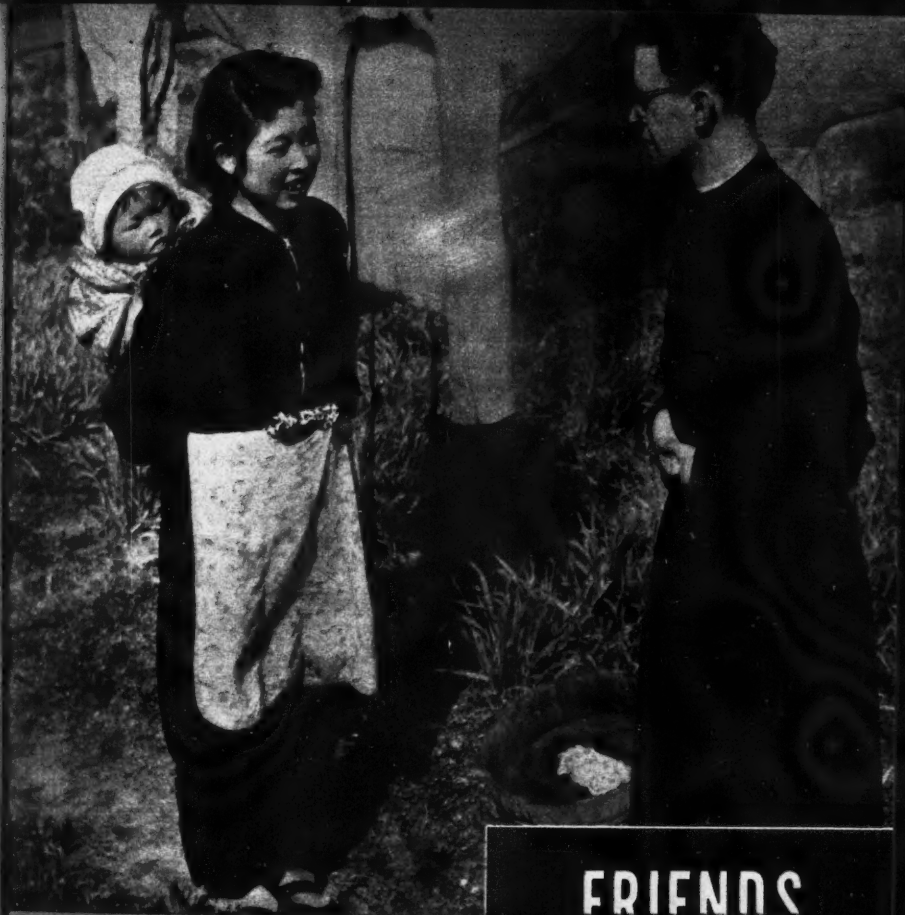
All this time I was still holding up the curtain of the confessional, just looking on. It was only after the native had finished off the invader that I remembered to let the curtain down. The incident was all over in a few minutes.

Father Bayless impaled the snake on the end of his spear and went to call the houseboy. He came on the run, thinking we wanted something. In his haste he almost ran into the snake. At that he gave a loud yell, jumped back, and fled to the kitchen.

Father Murphy, hearing the noise, came hurrying out, "What's going on?" he asked.

"Oh, nothing," we said. "A snake got into the wrong side of the confessional and we were beating it." Not until after supper did Father Murphy learn that we had killed a real snake. He thought we were talking about some bad Christian who wanted to go to confession.

Now I carefully inspect my confessional before entering. The Christians wonder why I sometimes jump when a big bug starts buzzing around in the dark interior of the sacred tribunal. So far the cobra's mate has never shown up.



Main Street in our Kyoto Mission can be anything, from broad, shop-clustered Dry River-bed Road in Kyoto City, to the nameless, dusty path of an outlying village. But on any one of these Main Streets, priests like Father Edward Walsh will be found making new friends for Christ.

# FRIENDS ON MAIN STREET

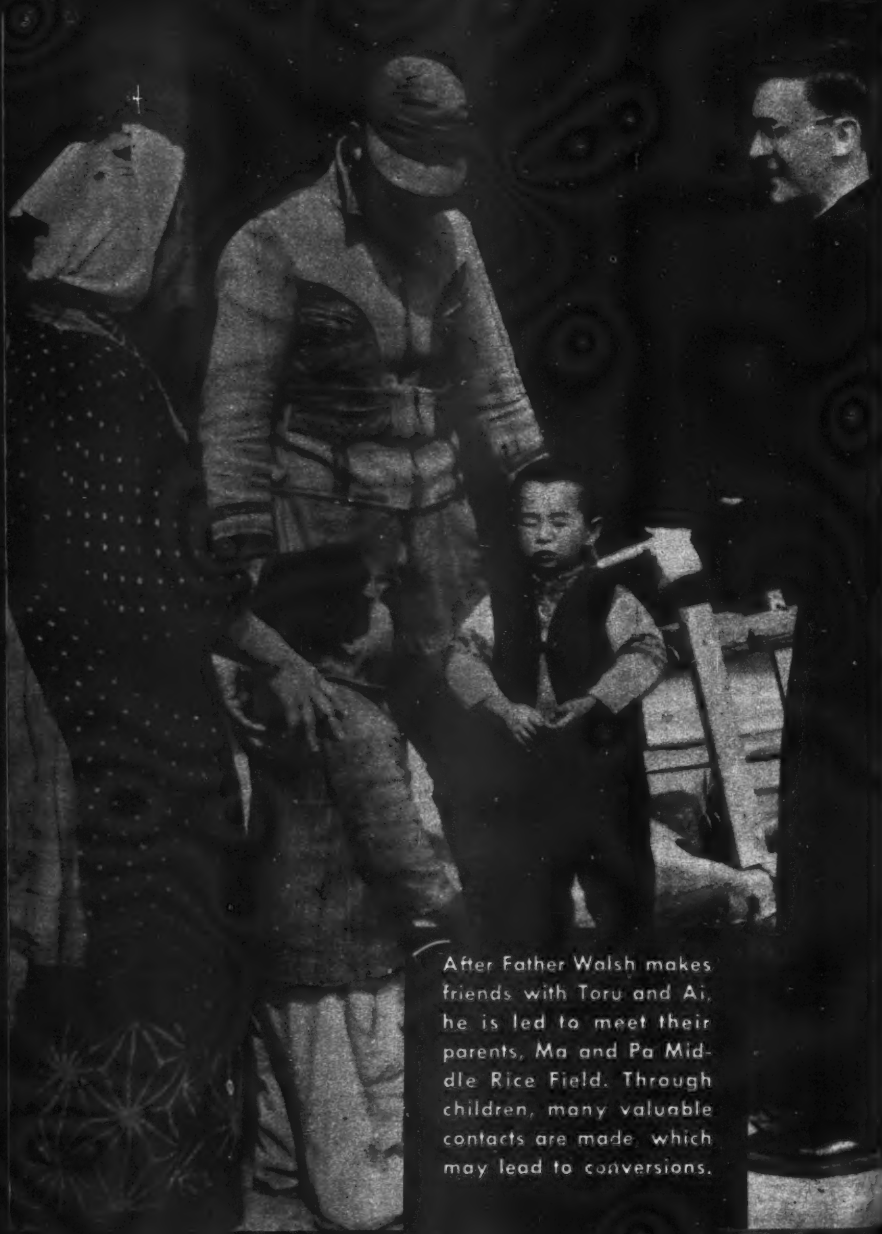
Photos by ROBERT WAELDNER







Because of the extensive charity work being carried on by the Church in the Kyoto area, our missionaries have become well known. Everywhere they go, groups of youngsters tag along, while adults call out greetings. Father Robert Walsdner (upper left) chats with a farmer. The mission's architect and builder, Brother William Neary (above) drops his hammer to tell a tall tale. Next page will show what Father Walsh (left) is doing.



After Father Walsh makes friends with Toru and Ai, he is led to meet their parents, Ma and Pa Middle Rice Field. Through children, many valuable contacts are made, which may lead to conversions.



ALMOST EVERY morning during Mass, when I hear the tin holy-water font tinkling about in its wooden base, and the clop-clop of a pair of shoes that do not fit, I know that Dona Catita has arrived. Late, of course; but then, we can't hold that against Dona Catita. She is a little old lady who comes from the other side of town, hobbling along with the aid of an old broom handle. She tries to get to Mass on time, but she has no clock. And she is too deaf to hear the pealing of what passes for a church bell.

Sometimes I try to give little old Catita a bit of advice, but I never win. The other day, when I was reading the Post Communion of the Mass, I heard the familiar clop-clop of those ill-fitting shoes directly behind me. Out of the corner of my eye, I beheld Dona Catita approaching the statue of the Blessed Mother, with a candle in her hand. After laying it at the feet of the statue, she knelt for a moment; wheezing all the while, and then dragged herself back to her pew.

After Mass I said to her, "Dona Catita, you know that our Blessed Mother would be far more pleased with your little gift if you had waited until Mass was finished."

Her weazened old face creased itself into a smile. "*Bueno, Padrecito,*" she replied, "but what's the difference?" Then she raised her hand and, with her index finger a quarter of an inch from her thumb, she said, "There was only that much left of the Mass."

Any one of these days, I may hear the heavy sounds of a handful of Spanish doubloons falling into the

## Dona Catita



by John C. Brady

collection basket. For Dona Catita is an indefatigable treasure hunter. She told me that, in years gone by, people used to bury their money because that was the safest way of keeping it; and that, by now, many of the hoarders have forgotten where the treasures were buried.

One night an Araucanian medicine man appeared to Catita in a dream and told her that there was a trove buried in Senor Diaz's lot. The only stipulation was that it must be dug up after midnight. She and her son dug in the lot, made a tremendous hole, and found four empty cans, an old shoe, and three bones buried by Senor Diaz's mangy dog.

Poor Catita has other worries. Her biggest and latest is the fact that she lost her scapular. She banged on the door the other day to ask if I could replace it. I looked high and low but could not find a scapular to give the poor old soul. She hobbled away, leaning on her old broom handle, but not before making me promise that I would get her one very soon. And I'm going to get one for her before another day passes — else I may be looking into Dona Catita's face during Mass as she demands her scapular.



## The Chewing Gum Country

by George F. Hogan

### Men Risk Their Lives For Your Penny

As I stood in the forest of Quintana Roo, above me towered the giant sapodillas. It was difficult to believe that those huge evergreens were the parents of that thin stick of gum I used to buy for a penny at the corner store. I had not realized that hundreds of men risked their lives, and many lost their lives, to supply me with chewing gum.

Along the length of the eastern portion of the Peninsula of Yucatan, the reddish sapodilla tree abounds. The durability of the wood of the sapodilla tree is amazing. Long before Cortes brandished his sword in Mexico, the Mayan Indians were using beams hewn from the sapodilla tree, to support the roofs of their buildings. Those beams are still sound and will continue to support tons of roofing for many decades to come.

But to exploit only the wood of the

sapodilla tree would be like taking dirt out of a gold mine and leaving the yellow ore. For, shut up in countless cells, lies a milky fluid: this is chicle, the main ingredient of chewing gum.

Unfortunately, chicle can be extracted only during the rainy season. About the middle of July, men and mules gather at a camp deep in the woods. This center of operations is connected to the coast by a narrow-gauge, mule-powered railroad.

From their camp, the men spread into the forest in gangs. In the fastness of the jungle, the men erect temporary shelters of saplings, and hang their hammocks; the cook prepares his fireplace. Machetes are sharpened — and each *chiclero* is ready to begin work on a piece of chewing gum.

Long before the lazy sun begins to dissipate the darkness, the *chiclero* is

in the woods. Rocky ground and thorny soil do not hurt his feet because those feet have never been encased and pinched by shoes. Selecting his tree, he quickly clears away its base with a few deft strokes of the machete.

With a vigorous swipe of the razor-sharp blade, he pries up a chunk of bark three inches long and three inches wide; this he leaves attached, but protruding from the tree. Above this cut he drives a slim wooden peg into the tree. On the peg he hangs a small canvas bag, whose mouth is just below the protruding bark. In times past, nails did the peg's job, but experience showed that the nails wounded and eventually killed the trees.

Now the *chiclero* chops out a canal an inch or so deep, just above the peg. This runs almost around the tree in a gradually ascending curve. From this cut, another is dug in the opposite direction, likewise in an ascending curve. The process is continued until the tree is latticed with canals from stem to base. A few inches of bark on the side of the tree where the canvas sack is hung is always left untouched; this will be tapped later.

No sooner has the machete dug the first canal than the milky fluid

begins to flow. It follows the interlacing canals from the top of the tree, and then flows smoothly into the sack at the base.

**Whatever Maryknoll has done, has been done under God by your support both spiritual and material. We have counted on your prayers. We have used your money always — we have none of our own. We wish to thank you for your generous backing of our work.**

The *chiclero* climbs the sapodilla tree with the aid of a rope. His horny soles do the work of caulks. This type of tree is free of branches almost to its tip, and this facilitates climbing. In the course of a day's work, the *chiclero* can tap from nine to twelve trees.

On Saturdays and Sundays the chicle is "cooked." This is the most disagreeable part of the work, for the workman must stand hour after hour over a roaring fire in the tropical heat, stirring the scalding chicle. After the cooking, the resin hardens and is cut into blocks weighing twenty-five pounds.

The jungle has a brutalizing effect on the *chiclero's* life. Malaria, dysentery, mosquitoes, bugs, humidity, and sweat make the *chiclero* despise life. Alcohol formerly turned the camps into scenes of bloody and often fatal quarrels.

It is difficult to appreciate fully the poignancy of the *chiclero's* sufferings. There is the loneliness involved in separation from his family, the fatigue and tension of his work. What a pity that the pleasures of gum chewing must cost so much in suffering!

"How beautiful upon the mountains are the feet of him that bringeth good tidings; and that preacheth peace; of him that showeth forth good, that preacheth salvation." — *Isaiah 52:7*.

## THE SUPERIOR GENERAL'S CORNER

by Bishop Raymond A. Lane, Superior General of Maryknoll

**In Rome** last spring I watched Pope Pius XII as his bearers carried him high above cheering tens of thousands after a canonization ceremony in St. Peter's. The huge basilica is an eighth of a mile from the apse to the door and during this long exit the applause was deafening. At the end, as he was about to pass out of sight, His Holiness rose and with evident warmth and affection gave a final blessing to the throng.

**Back in Manchuria**, I reflected, there were Peter Wong and Maria Wu and old lady Chao who would have been delighted to have been there that morning. Tears would have come to their eyes at the sight of the venerable pontiff, for every seasoned Manchurian Catholic has a deep and tender love of the Holy Father. In the Maryknoll fields of South China, our missionaries remark how strongly attached are their Christians to the white-robed shepherd of Christendom. Similarly in the other countries of Asia and in Africa, as well as in Latin America, Catholicism is marked consistently by this affection for the Holy Father.

The recent Papal Delegate to the Belgian Congo, Archbishop Dellepiane, told one of our Maryknollers what it means to represent the Sovereign Pontiff among the Congo tribesmen. "Our African easily understands the Pope," said His Excellency. "He feels proud to have a

big spiritual chief. The idea that God has a Vicar on earth seems eminently reasonable to him. The tribesfolk call me 'He who has the face of the Pope' and the receptions they give me are astonishing."

**The Papacy** is the most powerful single pillar of strength in the world Church. Alfred Rosenberg, the Nazi Racist, explains in his recently published diary that Hitler hoped to weaken Catholicism in Germany by setting up a national Catholic Church. Rosenberg quotes Hitler as saying, "The more popes, the better." Joseph Stalin believes this too, since in eastern Europe he is now trying to destroy Christianity by establishing weak national units.

We of the mission world appreciate not only the beauty and spiritual significance of the Papacy but the tremendous inspiration to isolated flocks over the earth of this noble figure in the Vatican. In my all too brief visit with His Holiness he spoke heart-warming words of encouragement for all who in any way labor with or for Maryknoll. He displayed great interest in the steady flow of promising young men to our Maryknoll seminaries. He bestowed his blessing on all Maryknoll benefactors and I hereby convey this blessing to you.



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**THE FOUR HORSEMEN  
OF  
RED BAMBOO VILLAGE**

Father Rocco Franco has not been long in China, yet he has already imported from Brooklyn a new game called fut-bow. Subway alumni will recognize the familiar Leahy formation. It's all the rage!



by James F. Smith

YOUNG WONG was a typical example of Chinese traditionalism. Like the young son of any Chinese family, he was coddled and pampered and left to his own caprices. Although the scion of a wealthy and cultured family, he took an immediate dislike to study, with the result that his parents had to remove him from every school in the vicinity of Kochoh.

As a last resort, and on the recommendation of a friend of the family, young Wong was taken to the newly opened school that was under the direction of the Maryknoll Fathers. Father Paschang, a young missionary from Missouri, looked doubtfully at the record of the boy's transfers from school to school; but he liked something he saw in the lad, and so agreed to allow him to enter this Catholic school, even though Wong was not a Christian.

The youngster probably had every intention of creating havoc in his new school when he first sat down to the hated desk, but curiosity kept him from doing violence for the first few days. Never before had he ex-

## The Bishop was a match for the General

perienced anything like the routine of the Maryknoll school. Being routed out of bed at an early hour was something new to him, and so was the strange ceremony that soon followed. He saw Father Paschang, in quaint but beautiful costumes, going through a ritual that other students called "Mass." He found the rites interesting.

The classroom was a further revelation. For the first time in young Wong's life, he was subjected to discipline. Instead of having teachers who begged him to do his school work, he had masters who required him to do it. His pride was hurt when he found that classmates excelled him in the newly introduced American game of basketball. In any case, he remained at the mission school, and in that disciplined environment he seemed to find himself.

Gifted with a fine mind and all the qualities of leadership, Wong was soon the leader of the other students in both study and sports. He came to have a great love for the school and for Father Paschang. At his graduation — the school's first — he took all the prizes,





including the religion medal.

His years at the Maryknoll school were a tranquil time for the Wong family, but his parents were thrown into a panic when the young graduate announced that he planned to enter the National Military Academy. Chinese traditionally look upon a soldier as the lowest form of life to be found in human society. Ingrained in every mind is the classical saying: "Good steel is not used to make nails; good men are not soldiers."

Young Wong's parents pleaded with him to forget his dream; they begged Father Paschang to intervene to save them from this disgrace. The Maryknoller, however, sided with the youth, saying that he must choose his own career. Thus Wong left home to become a soldier.

The young man prospered in his career. His sharp mind caught the attention of his superiors, and he was given increasingly difficult and important duties. By the time war broke out with Japan, he had reached the rank of brigadier general. In the years that followed, the officer's feats in the field were on everyone's lips, and his deeds became legendary. When the Americans entered the struggle, General Wong acted as liaison between Chinese and American forces.

At the end of the war, the veteran general retired to his native city.

**A Maryknoll Annuity means annual interest paid regularly to you in consideration of your gift to Maryknoll. Write for details.**

There he saw ruins on every side—the scars of warfare. His old alma mater, too, had suffered the same fate as most of the city; its classrooms were roofless and deserted. The general tried to find the former teachers of the school, and soon

learned that Father Paschang had become bishop for the whole mission territory, with headquarters at Kongmoon. So to Kongmoon went the famous alumnus, to see what could be done about rebuilding the school.

The general's visit occurred at an opportune time. Bishop Paschang and Father Lei, a Chinese priest, were planning to rebuild the school but were stumped by a lack of funds. General Wong immediately guaranteed the money.

The old Maryknoll school is no more. But a bigger and more modern school building, the Morning Star School, has taken its place. General Hong and other graduates raised the money. The school is already crowded to capacity.

The board of trustees is headed by General Wong, who said at the formal opening: "The training I received as a student in this Catholic school was the best preparation I could have for life; and I want other young men of my country to have the same opportunity I had, to know the Catholic priests, to learn the great lessons they teach."

### **The Church is Young and Only at its Beginning!**

**THE CHURCH'S** missionaries fix their gaze not on the somber past with all its sufferings but on the radiant future that lies before them with all the un-failing and reassuring hope inspired by faith."—*Archbishop Costantini, Rome*



## The "400"

Four hundred students will be trained each year for the foreign-mission priesthood at the new Maryknoll seminary, Glen Ellyn, Illinois. Classes are to begin this fall. The building is empty of furniture. Will you help us to provide some of the following items?

### I. For the Students:

400 beds, each . . . . .	\$10	400 crucifixes, each . . . . .	\$ 2
400 mattresses, each . . . . .	\$10	400 desks, each . . . . .	\$15
800 blankets, each . . . . .	\$ 3	800 chairs, each . . . . .	\$ 4
400 window shades, each . . . . .	\$ 2	400 clothes lockers, each . . . . .	\$ 3
400 window curtains, each . . . . .	\$ 2	400 table sets, each . . . . .	\$ 3
400 pillows, each . . . . .	\$ 1.50	400 holy-water fonts, each . . . . .	\$ .25

### II. For their Chapel:

Mass candles, for one year . . . . .	\$50	5 sets vestments, each . . . . .	\$ 25
Altar missal . . . . .	\$35	5 albs, each . . . . .	\$ 15
Mass wine and hosts . . . . .	\$25	Sacristy supplies . . . . .	\$100
Sancutary-lamp candles, year . . . . .	\$25	Statues, each . . . . .	\$150

To provide for a missionary in training, send your offering to:

THE MARYKNOLL FATHERS • MARYKNOLL P.O., NEW YORK





# Dolls No Longer

by Leo H. Tibesar

**JAPANESE** women are no longer dolls, tripping pigeon-toed over their cumbersome though gorgeous kimonos. During the war the Japanese women were robbed of their dresses and poured into pantaloons, and then told to get into the factories and work to save the machine-monster the men had built.

The women of Japan learned to stand on their own two feet — then to walk, to run. They are running still, and may run away with the men and lead them farther than they realize along a road the men would not recognize — the road to religion. Not all the women lead in that direction — but a growing majority do, and this is hopeful news.

The women of Japan in these days tend to dress like men and to walk with a long, manly stride; they seem tough in comparison with their former selves. Nowadays they seldom wear the kimono. They have the right to vote. Co-education is being tried in most of the public schools. Most of the women work for a living; some even support their husbands.

Why are the Japanese women turning to the Church? Emancipation is partly the explanation, though that

word seems to over-simplify the matter. Two doctrines of the Church have especial appeal for the Japanese woman. Many women are discovering that the Catholic Church will permit them to marry or not to marry, as their consciences may decide. Add to that the fact that the Church is the only agency that tells an unmarried woman how she may live alone and like it — an agency that opens an entirely new avenue of service to her — and you can come near to completing the picture of the Church's appeal to the modern Japanese woman. And of course we must not forget the tremendous attraction exercised by the Church's sacramental system.

For the moment, the Church in Japan has a decidedly feminine appearance. There is nothing surprising in this, for the early Church attracted women in large numbers. That was what gave the early Church its next generation of Christians, and the next and the next.

We may expect the same thing to be repeated here in Japan. The next generation should mark the flowering of Japanese Sisterhoods. The only problem standing in the way is the means of their support. History tells us that men have been the providers, but that women have had to make the ends meet. We look forward to the solution of this problem with equanimity. God has a finger in it, too.



# Father Rain-in-Month-of-May

The Exiled Missioner Leads a Busy Life

by Michael J. O'Connor

"FATHER, may I change to biology?" "May I be excused from history class tomorrow?" "Father, will you please tell me my marks for last semester?"

The speakers are young men at the Maryknoll Seminary at Lakewood, N. J. Behind the desk is the stout, ruddy-faced figure of Father Everett F. Briggs, vice-rector of the college and prefect of studies.

Not all missioners are on the missions. Many of them must remain in the homeland, doing the necessary training of the 750 students God has called to the Maryknoll mission fields. One of these trainers of youth is Father Briggs. Like many of his fellow teachers in Maryknoll seminaries, he has spent years on the mission fields.

In far-off Japan there stands a

beautiful, native-style church as a monument to his several years of labor there. People still remember the genial Father Satsuki Ame, as he was known to them ("The name means Rain-in-Month-of-May," he says with a chuckle), because were it not for him they would not be enjoying their Catholic Faith today. And in these days thousands of Japanese eyes are poring over the catechetical pamphlets that daily flow from Father Briggs' busy printing press at Lakewood.

Coming from Allston, Mass., where he was one of four children, Father Briggs entered Maryknoll at an early age. Ordained in 1933, he, together with Fathers William Whitlow of Bronx, N. Y., and John J. Walsh, of Hartford, Conn., was assigned to the section of Japan that had just been given by the Holy See to the care of Maryknoll.

"It was coincidental," says Father Briggs, "that I should be assigned, not only to Japan, but to the very section where a non-Catholic uncle of mine had formerly labored as a Baptist minister."

Father Briggs was studying the language in Tokyo, when he heard the happy news that his brother, Arthur, had been ordained at Maryknoll and was assigned to China.

Father Everett began his missionary work in the semi-industrial town of Otsu, on the shores of the beautiful Lake Biwa. "It reminded me of Galilee — and the sight of the Japanese fishermen drying their nets

brought to mind the early Apostles." Unlike the Apostles of Our Lord's day, Father Briggs needed a base for operations, and accordingly went to one Mr. Miyama, a local real-estate agent. This enterprising businessman

gave the young missionary the "I-got-just-what-you-want" speech, and conducted him to a tiny frame house on the outskirts of the town on the shore of the lake.

"I fell in love with the place at once. It was in a delightful location, and across a field was a bit of property on which I could already imagine my church rising. I decided to occupy the little house immediately, and moved my few belongings in by nightfall. I was truly glad and grateful to God for being settled in my own mission, even if I had to sleep on the bare floor. But I did not know what I was in for. It was a terrible night: rumbling, squeaking, slithering noises kept me awake for hours. The next morning I learned the story of the house from a couple of wide-eyed youngsters who watched me come out. They told me in hushed voices how the last owner had hanged himself in the place!"

But Father Briggs stayed in the little villa, and soon Father Patrick Byrne and Brother Clement joined him. The first mission of Maryknoll-in-Japan was under way. Gradually, too, the church of Our Lady of the Lake was built to house the few Christians who were brought to the Faith by slow and patient effort. It was the first permanent church in

**Experience shows the way in mission work. A Maryknoller plans the conversion strategy and makes necessary contacts. The catechist does the spade work. Without the catechist's \$15 monthly support, mission work is delayed.**

that section of Japan since the time of Saint Francis Xavier.

Converts were few and far between. In those pre-war days, national suspicion of foreigners and police persecution of Christians hindered natives who were interested in the Faith. "However, the few who did come were of the best," states Father Briggs, with a nostalgic tone in his voice. "Anna Uchida, Peter Ikeda, Magdalena Kikuchi—they were devoted to their new-found Faith, and zealous in carrying it to others."

The new converts soon had need of their zeal and devotion. When war broke out, in December 1941, and their American pastor had been interned in the cellar of his house, those good people were seized and questioned unmercifully by the police. But their loyalty to him who had brought the Faith to them was unshakable. They went to see Father Briggs, "to make honorable parting" just before he was sent back to the United States on the repatriation ship, even though they risked further trouble with the police by so doing.

Today, in the United States, Father Everett is working for the Japanese people as hard as he worked in Japan. Late into the night, long after he has

finished his day's duties as prefect of studies, the hum of his printing press can be heard as it turns out innumerable pamphlets in Japanese for distribution

overseas. The productions of the press include the following: a Japanese catechism, which Father Briggs wrote when in Japan; and two pamphlets—*A Catholic Manifesto of Human Rights* (a translation and commentary on the U. S. Bishops' letter to the UN on human rights), and *Communism and Catholicism*. More ambitious works are his *New Dawn in Japan*, in English, published by Longmans, Green; and his *Life of Christ*, in Japanese.

Like all his fellow Maryknoll teachers, Father Briggs hopes to return to the mission field. He is doing valuable work, using his exceptional mastery of the Japanese language for spreading the printed message of Christ in Japan. But he wishes to return in person.

**An Altar**  
for the daily Mass of a priest in the  
Maryknoll Seminary, Glen Ellyn,  
may be donated as a memorial for  
some beloved relative or friend.  
**Offering \$100.**

### A Stone from Castle Xavier in Japan

MANY BEAUTIFUL EVENTS took place in Japan during the observance of the 400th anniversary of the arrival of Saint Francis Xavier in that land. At Yamaguchi, Cardinal Gilroy of Australia, blessed, as cornerstone of a new church, a stone from the walls of Castle Xavier in Spain. The stone was brought all the way to the Japanese city by Spanish pilgrims. "We Spaniards will help complete this church, the first stone of which comes from Xavier's birthplace," said the spokesman for the pilgrims. "Catholics are brothers in Christ, without distinction of nation or race."

# Our Lady's Eighth Sorrow

**T**HIS IS A LITTLE story about a feud, a peace party, and a nineteen-year-old mother. But it is mostly about the mother. The feud is between two clans in Stone Gate Village, up South China's West River. The peace party consists of a mandarin, two scholars, and a Padre aboard a river junk.



by Edward J. Moffett

It's on the old-fashioned junk that the story really begins. The wind dies down. The sail hangs limp. The junk starts to drift back downstream. Quickly, a young man seizes an oar and feverishly rows the boat to shore. Then a grown girl unstraps an infant from her back and straps it on the back of a boy, no bigger than a doll himself.

The girl then jumps overboard, swims to and crawls up the muddy bank. She has taken a bamboo rope with her. When the line from the junk is taut, she fastens it around her shoulders. Then she lunges forward. Slowly, slowly, the boat bites into the current. The bent, straining figure of the girl has become the human motor for the launch.

The young man who rowed the boat to shore is now sitting on the boat deck. Between puffs on his water pipe, he praises the strength of the wife, the human motor. She is only nineteen, he says, has borne him two

sons, and can pull a junk for six hours without stopping for tea.

Just then the baby on the boy begins to cry. Instinctively the mother looks out at the boat, and as she does stumbles. The pull of the current and the weight of the boat roll her over and over in the mud. Bracing, flexing, she finally gains her balance.

The junk moves again. The father continues to smoke his pipe. The infant on the back of the boy sobs. The mother grinds forward, foot by foot. Three long, full hours pass before the crack of rifle fire tells us that the Stone Gate Village is at hand.

No women since the first Good Friday so nearly approach the sorrows of the Mother of God as do the mothers of China. The sadness of this story of the nineteen-year-old mother is the sadness of paganism — suffering without knowing of the grief our Blessed Mother endured on the Way of the Cross to ease the burden of womankind.

This story is true. I know. I was the priest in that peace party on that sailing junk. What will happen to the feud in Stone Gate Village pales in importance in relation to what will happen to the poor mothers of China. That young mother, stumbling, sweating, typifies them all. They are Our Lady's Eighth Sorrow.



# Doctors and Nurses of Seoul

by Patrick J. Duffy

## Big Field for Conversions

**T**HE HOSPITAL attached to Seoul University and situated in our parish affords many opportunities of contacting pagans and of giving to the sick the consolations of our holy Faith. This hospital was built about forty-five years ago and is the largest of its kind in Korea. It is the center where most Korean doctors and nurses are trained, and where important research work is carried on.

The University hospital has about 1,000 beds. The patients suffer from various diseases, but tuberculosis predominates. Many of the sick will leave the hospital only to meet their Creator.

Sister Benedict, one of our most zealous catechists, does splendid work in visiting the patients, relieving their distress, and giving as many as possible a knowledge of God. However, she meets only a comparatively small number of sick persons; the majority die without any knowledge of God.

To expand this important work, we recently organized all the Catholic doctors and nurses and other Catholic workers in the hospital, into a unit. And we adopted a system whereby we can have the opportunity to teach many more patients about our Faith. We are fortunate in having about eight doctors and fifteen nurses in the parish. All have shown much interest in the undertaking.

A doctor or a nurse in the line of duty cannot tell a patient how serious his condition may be, but the doctor or nurse can convey to us the real facts of the case. And we in turn can try to have some one prepare the patient for a happy death.

Some of the doctors and nurses not only tell us about patients who are well disposed, but also endeavor to persuade their friends and companions in the professions to do the same. One nurse, not long ago requested that a priest give instructions in Christian doctrine once a week at



the hospital. The superintendent provided a room for the purpose, and now one of the Maryknollers gives a lecture every Friday.

Our little unit meets monthly to discuss the best ways and means of reaching the sick. Many patients are anxious to learn the truths of faith, but we cannot possibly teach them all. We take note of progress made during the preceding month. At our last meeting, the report read in part: "24 baptized, 16 of whom have already gone to God."

To help those who have never given much thought to future life, we have prepared a leaflet in Korean; it has a picture of the Good Shepherd on one side, and the necessary doctrine on the other. We are considering, also, the possibility of getting out a small booklet with some pictures of the sufferings of Christ and the sorrows of Mary, for those patients who are too wasted with disease to do much studying.

Recently Doctor Pak suggested that we try to enlist the aid of all Catholic doctors and nurses in the city. I encouraged the idea. It is our hope that we can extend this type of work to all the Catholic doctors and nurses in the Province.

In case this hope is realized, a *Catholic Medical Bulletin* would be practical. Such a publication would contain some of the instructions of the Encyclicals of the Holy Father and also would report the newest discoveries in the field of medicine. It would find its way into the hands of many non-Catholic professional men and women. It would give us a chance to present our ideas and help further in the spread of the Faith.

## PHOTO FEATURE

### *Peanuts for Maria*

**W**HAT delightful experiences missionaries have with children! Take Father Mark Tennison, for instance, among his new flocks in the mountains of Shumkai. He has lay helpers who struggle with the adults as they eagerly study the doctrine of the new Christian way of life. Often, however, he teaches the children himself and occasionally the priest has a rueful five minutes, as with Maria.

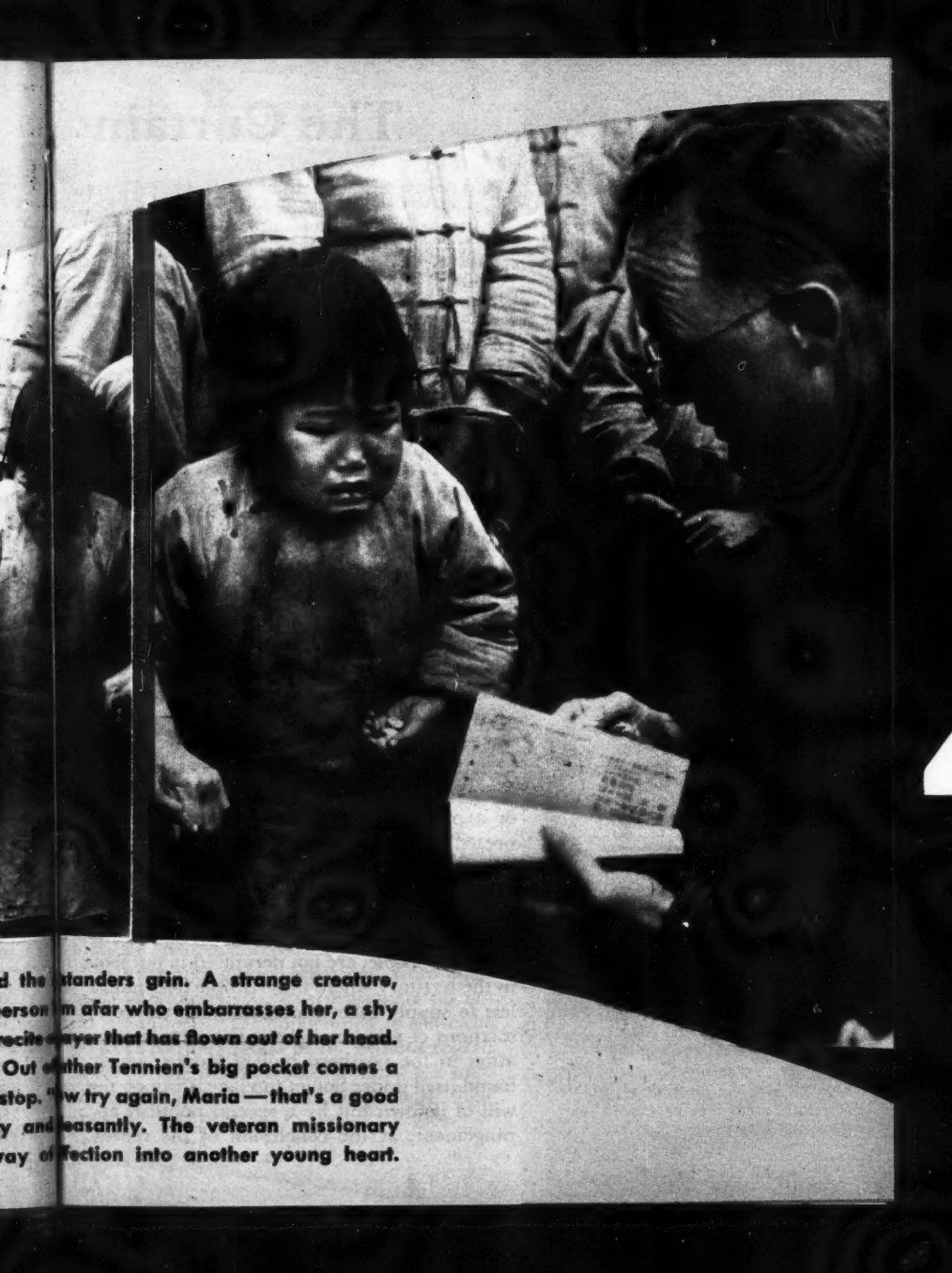


# Peanuts for Maria



Aoo-wow! Maria howls and the priest decides the child, is this tall person in a country girl, by asking her to recite a prayer. But then, a wonderful thing! Out of the fistful of peanuts. The howls stop. "How true girl," says the priest quietly and peace has stolen along the pathway of fecti



A black and white photograph showing a young child in the center, looking down with a sad or crying expression. The child is wearing a light-colored, possibly patterned, garment. To the right, an older man with glasses is partially visible, looking towards the child. The background is dark and indistinct. The photograph is framed by a white border.

and the standers grin. A strange creature,  
erson in afar who embarrasses her, a shy  
ecite away that has flown out of her head.  
Out of her Tennien's big pocket comes a  
stop. "Now try again, Maria — that's a good  
y and pleasantly. The veteran missionary  
ray of affection into another young heart.

## THREE-MINUTE Meditation

*"The souls of the just are in the hands of God" (Wisdom iii:1).*

**W**HEN you stop to think of it, you realize that the feast of All Saints is a mission feast.

Have no doubt about it: there are many missionaries in heaven who will never be canonized. Saint James had no doubt about it, for he wrote:

"My brethren, if any of you err from the truth, and one convert him: he must know that he who causes a sinner to be converted from the error of his way, shall save his soul from death, and shall cover a multitude of sins"

*(James 5:19-20)*

Countless people are in heaven today who never would have reached there, had it not been for missionaries. It is unusual for a missionary to gain thousands of converts. But you'd need an adding machine to calculate the sum total of the uncanonized saints who owe their present happiness in some degree, at least, to missionaries.

You may not have been converted by a missionary. But if you trace the Catholicity in your family back far enough, you will find that some missionary started one of your ancestors on the way to becoming one of "All Saints."

**Conclusion:** What got the saints into heaven was their love for God and love for neighbor. How far does our love for neighbor go? Is it shut off and bounded by ourselves, our relatives, our friends? Or do we strive to love all of God's children, whether they be African natives or the people next door?

## The Curtain

**I**T HAS NEVER been known that Catholics hesitated to champion their religion when it was being persecuted. Our people, if they are taken as a class the world over, are ready to die for the Catholic Faith, if necessary, at any time or in any circumstances. Down through the centuries, our forefathers bore prison bands and bent the neck to the executioner's sword rather than desert or deny the Faith. It was dearer than life itself to them, as it is to us.

One of the strong reasons why the faithful of every generation have stood these stern tests is because their priests were always at their side to encourage and support them. They needed that support, as every people must need it in such a life-and-death struggle. The mission flocks of the Church in her newly evangelized lands are naturally no exception to this general principle. In actuality, they always include large numbers of converts who are new and untried in faith and practice, and are lacking in thorough instruction, wavering in resolve, relatively weak for one reason or another. These beginners cannot be expected to persevere unless their missionaries are on the ground to guide and sustain them.

**I**T IS AN UNUSUAL CASE when missionaries ready to risk their lives to be with their people, are not permitted to put foot in the territory where those people live, much less to supply their Christians with the consolations of religion. This is the present situation in the northern half of Korea, which found itself under Soviet tutelage, through no will of its own but by a special political arrangement, at the conclusion of the recent

# Cuts Korea

war. The introduction of this sad division has proved ruinous to the country as a whole, while it inevitably involves the severest strains and the greatest privations on the promising but needy missions of the less-fortunate half.

Korea is a country that contained some of the most successful missions in the world prior to the recent global conflict. Among the various reasons for this was the fact that the Korean people have always been deeply interested in the things of the spirit and have been primarily devoted to the arts of peace. Possessing a certain innate capacity for religious truth, they proved unusually responsive to the efforts of the missionaries. At present this mission field is not living up to its promise of a bountiful harvest, but that is not the fault of the people of Korea. It is entirely against their will that their country is divided, and likewise that missionaries are excluded from any part of it. This is a day of privation and disappointment for the whole badly treated nation, and most of all for Korea's Catholics.

**P**RAYERS FOR the brave little land and its dubious future ought to include some special petitions for the return of its missionaries. They feel the privation even more than the people themselves—the privation of fathers and guides separated from their spiritual charges. Korea's missionaries do not ask anything but the opportunity to share the people's fortunes, good or ill, without regard to their own personal safety. They ask only what all missionaries desire, to be with their people.

## Maryknoll

*The Field Afar*

*Catholic Foreign Mission  
Society of America*

TO THOSE WHO LOVE GOD ALL  
THINGS WORK TOGETHER FOR GOOD



Maryknoll was established in 1911 by the American Hierarchy to prepare missionaries from the United States and to send them forth, under the direction of the Holy See, to the mission fields of the world.

### This Month's Cover



The delicate, and reed-like sound of the shepherd's pipe is familiar to dwellers of the Peruvian Andes. This boy holds a typical set of pipes, and both he and his sister are dressed in the best of mountain styles. In this picture there are charm and grace that few other lands can duplicate.



## No Farmer's Life for Them

by John D. Moore

**I** WISH to rule the world," said a fifth grader in reply to the question, "What should you like to be or do, when you grow up?"

I asked all of the 147 pupils in the Taiwan Sacred Heart School. In putting the question, I told the boys and girls that it was not necessary to sign their names. Under the cloak of anonymity, the answers were revealing.

A third grader was very definite about what she wants to be. "I wish to become a nun," she wrote. "I do not wish to be a schoolteacher. I do not wish to run a shop."

One would-be engineer wrote, "The world's, especially China's, minerals have not yet been tapped; therefore, I wish to be an engineer to tap them."

"I wish to invent a death ray that will keep other countries from attacking China," wrote an earnest seventh grader.

"I wish to invent a new moon," wrote one ambitious lad who wants to become an inventor. Another young lad wants to devote the rest of his life to inventing a new and bet-

ter sun, one that would shine automatically on Sundays and holidays.

"I want to be a Latin student," wrote one of the star pupils. Hardly a great ambition? But that was really his way of saying that he hopes to study for the priesthood.

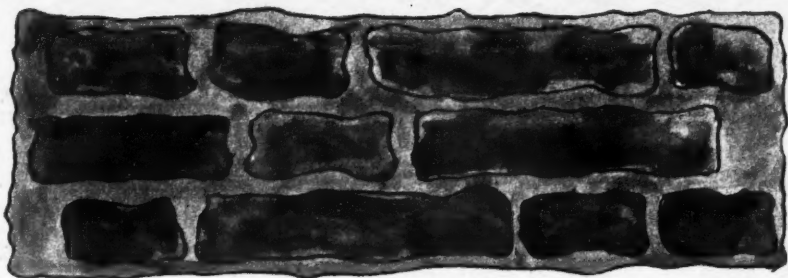
"I want to destroy China's superstition," wrote a little girl who plans to spend her life in a convent.

In all, fifteen boys recorded the desire to be priests and one of them would like to be Pope. Four girls hope to be Sisters; and sixteen catechists.

Since China is predominantly an agricultural country, it is likely that the majority of the Taiwan elementary-school students will spend their lives down on the farm. But only four pupils in the whole school expressed a wish to till the good earth.

Twelve boys would like to be soldiers when they get older; most were sure they could be generals. One boy would prefer to be a relief worker. Four think it would be well to discover new continents.

The last answer was, "I want to be a martyr."



## **Own a Brick in Our Seminary Wall**

**These** are the bricks for the wall of our new seminary at Glen Ellyn, near Chicago.

**We** are disposing of them to our friends.

**Mark** your initials on those you take. Your purchase will ease our seminary debt.

**These** bricks form the walls of the seminary that will train, continuously, 400 young Americans to be foreign-mission priests.

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by William J. Morrissey

# The China Scene

Sights and sounds, lifeblood to the world about us . . . exhilarating to the tyro, almost unnoticed by the veteran; some the same as those at home, but many quite different.

## Sights That Mean the Missions of China

black, white, or brown dogs, all of solid color and close-growing hair. . . . U-shaped pigs . . . the faded blue of the farmer's garments . . . the crowded narrowness of the city streets . . . a hillside with its urns of bones of the dead . . . a neighbor's water buffalo munching your lawn from day-break to dusk . . . altar boys lighting candles and throwing the matches on the sanctuary floor.

## Sounds That Mean China

a loaded wheelbarrow squeaking down a packed-earth path . . . the squealing of a pig being chased from a garden . . . the study period of our catechists, all shouting at the tops of their voices . . . the cacophony of market day . . . the continual barking of dogs . . . the "clock-clock" noise of the instrument struck by the sewing-needle vendor . . . the vibrating hum of the beggar's violin.

## Beauty the Same the World Over

the glitter of the sun on the ripples of a river . . . the chatter of sparrows in the morning . . . the innocence and trust in a child's face . . . a flaming sunset . . . cumulus clouds high in a deep-blue sky . . . the repose of an aged person . . . a sickly moon in a hazy night sky . . . the laughing of children . . . a chalice held aloft at the Consecration . . . a mother with a baby in her arms . . . the orange to purple to black of distant hills at sunset . . . the rustle of trees in the wind.





# The Lenahan Expedition

by Daniel F. Lenahan

**T**O ALLOW Father Leo T. Connors to return to the States for a vacation, I was assigned to replace him at Cuilco, our northernmost mission in Guatemala. Father John F. Lenahan (no relation) said he would accompany me to Cuilco.

We set out from Huchuetenango after early Mass. At Colotenango, we picked up horses; and noon found us riding into Ixtahuacan, where Father James Curtin had a good dinner waiting. As this was our first meal of the day, we did it justice. Because rain threatened and we had no raincoats, we left immediately after dinner. But in midafternoon the rain caught up with us, anyway.

For two hours we rode along in the downpour. Then Father John decided that we ought to seek some shelter for awhile. We saw an overhanging cliff, with a nice dry space underneath. We were there about twenty minutes when we heard a distant noise like thunder, only continuous. But with thunder booming on every side of us we didn't pay too much attention to the distant sound. Finally one of the boys said that we ought to move because the river was coming. Both Father John and I looked at him as if he had rocks in his head, instead of brains.

But the noise grew louder, and we

decided that perhaps the boy might be right. We rode out from under the cliff and up the bank. As we reached the top, below us a wall of water, three feet high and seven feet deep, came roaring through the canyon, sweeping debris before it. If we had remained in our shelter a few moments longer, we should have been swept away!

There was nothing to do but ride on in the rain. Another half hour brought us to a stream too swollen to ford. Father John said we might as well return to Ixtahuacan, so we turned our mounts to retrace their steps. When we arrived at the stream that had nearly trapped us, we were unable to cross. Soaking wet, we were caught between two torrents, and night was coming on. There was nothing to do but wait for the flood to subside.

Finally the water went down enough for us to coax our horses across. At ten o'clock we dripped our way into Ixtahuacan. I could hardly dismount, for we had spent eleven hours in the saddle that day, and it was only my third time on a horse. The following day, we rode to Cuilco, so this amateur horseman from Brooklyn got enough saddle time in forty-eight hours! But we Lenahans never give up until we finish what we have started.

# The Maryknoll Family

**I**T IS . . . a holy and wholesome thought to pray for the dead . . .” These words from the second book of Maccabees naturally come to our minds during the month of the Holy Souls.

May we ask you to join with us in remembering prayerfully the members of our Maryknoll Family who have gone to God since last All Soul's Day?

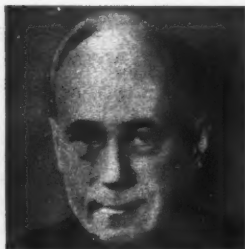
**FATHER WALTER J. COLEMAN** was a veteran missionary who served many years in Korea. He was a master of the difficult and intricate Korean language and he held the people of his little mission parish in the palm of his hand. Father returned to this country in 1936, where he served as professor in several Maryknoll Seminaries. At the time of his death November 10, 1948, he was Society Librarian. He lived dedicatedly for the day when all men of every race on earth would be Catholics.

**BROTHER NICHOLAS CONNOLLY** passed away just two days before Christmas. Born in Livermore, California, he had served God as a Maryknoll Brother for 22 years of the 55 years God allotted to him on this earth. Cheerful cooperation marked his life as a Maryknoller. In his own humble way he strove to make Christ better known and loved throughout the world.

**FATHER JOHN B. CALLAN** entered Maryknoll to prepare for the priesthood immediately after graduating from grammar school in East Boston. He was ordained in 1931 and was assigned to Kaying, China. Father Callan was taken prisoner by the Japanese and interned at the outbreak of the war. Repatriated in 1942 he became a chaplain in the U.S. Navy. Health forced him to retire and he was stationed at Maryknoll when he died on February 16 of this year, at the age of 45.



Father Callan



Father Coleman



Brother Nicholas



**SISTER MARY CONSOLATA MULLEN** was born in New York City and entered Maryknoll in 1925. Following her Profession, Sister Consolata spent many years teaching school to Japanese children on the Pacific Coast. Hers was a warm-hearted and open-handed enthusiasm that carried others along with her joyfully to do their best for God. Sister Consolata was serving as Assistant Mistress of Novices at Valley Park, Missouri when she died on February 17.

**BROTHER JEROME RODDY** was born in Ireland in 1883. He became a Maryknoll Brother at the age of 43. Respectful, obedient, prompt, and willing, he endeared himself to his fellow Maryknollers of the Center, the Venard and Mountain View, California, in which houses he served from 1926 until his death, June 12, 1949.

**BROTHER MARTIN BARRY**, of Trenton, New Jersey died July 24 at age of 67 after a long illness. Brother Martin was one of the early Maryknoll pioneers. He

spent five years in the mission fields of South China and was long a precious collaborator in the work for the Japanese in Seattle. Brother Martin gave himself generously and jovially to his various assignments during the 32 years he spent as a Maryknoll Brother.

**FATHER JOSEPH C. STACK**, a former Washington lawyer, was a member of the Catholic Foreign Mission Society for 35 years. His confreres admired him for a deep and sincere piety. Since 1927 he had been stationed at the Maryknoll Major Seminary where many of the seminarians sought him out as their confessor and spiritual director.

May these souls and the souls of all

our departed friends and benefactors rest in peace. We shall remember during November the loved ones of every member of the Maryknoll Family. United in faith we shall serve our dear ones who may still be in Purgatory, that their entrance into heaven may be speedy.



Brother Martin



Sister Consolata



Father Stack



Brother Jerome

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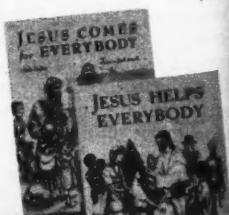
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## Our San Ambrosio Neighbors

On the shores of Lake Titicaca, the world's highest navigable body of water, rests the Andean city of Puno, Peru. Here Maryknoll conducts a college and seminary. The surrounding country is primitive and forbidding.

by James C. Connell  
A PHOTO STORY





**The people of the region are mostly Quechua Indians, descendants of the Incas. They are poor, lack formal education, and find it hard to live.**



**Derby-clad mothers carry their tiny offspring back-side, papoose style.**



**The grownups are weatherbeaten and stunted from the harsh, raw climate.**



Pepe is a typical Andean youngster. He loves his dog, is alert and bright. Poverty will make him old before his time, give him few joys of childhood.

## THE PADRES

This region has been long without priests. The Maryknollers arrived in 1942 to care for spiritual needs. (Left) The author poses in his jeep, while Father Ambrose Graham stands by. More priests are badly needed.



## THE HOMES

Here is a typical mountain woman, before her tiny hutch-and-sacks home. These little houses are windowless, dark and damp. Because of living conditions, disease is common, life expectancy low. Remedies are urgently needed.







Primary need for this region is the development of native leaders who can show their people the way to a more abundant life—both spiritually and physically. It is the hope of our missionaries that the San Ambrosio College and Seminary will be able to train the youth of Puno to do this.

# JUNGLE Night Club

by Bernard F. Garrity



## No Waldorf-Astoria for this missionary

THE GUIDE DIDN'T need, to tell me we were there. The tom-toms did a much better job. Besides, I had gone to San Antonio chiefly because there was to be a flag pole raised, with a new flag of Bolivia, in celebration of the opening of the new village school. The Pando District of Bolivia consists of thousands of square miles but my horse had to pick the small hole dug for the flag pole, to plunge his hoof into! I was promptly thrown to the ground.

A group of men came out into the night. Each one shook hands and inquired about my trip. Then they escorted me to the big tent, which was their version of the Stork Club.

This structure consisted of three and a quarter walls. The three walls were the back and two sides. The quarter of a wall was split into two sections, to form two little rooms; one was the kitchen, and the other the distillery. The three walls were

roofed and contained the main hall. This room was a combination of forest greens and dried banana leaves.

As I entered, I saw that one of the walls was lined with women, each of whom had a child in her arms. Along the other wall was a bench, on which were seated the members of the fifteen-piece orchestra, consisting of fourteen drummers and a flute player. To achieve the continental atmosphere, the walls were adorned with various sections of a Manhattan newspaper—the only newspaper some of these Bolivian Indians had ever seen.

Winding my way through a few couples, I arrived at the club's one table. Lighting effects were produced by an overhanging kerosene lantern—and there is no surer way of obtaining indirect lighting. The men dragged up a few tree-trunk chairs, rested their elbows on my table, and waited patiently for the Padre to give them the latest news of the

world. The waiter brought me a glass of chicha, two fried eggs, several squares of pink pork, a plate of dried bananas, and a cup of coffee.

By the time I had finished supper, it was ten o'clock. I eased myself out of the local night club, not wishing to spoil the celebration. After all, I thought, the party would be breaking up soon.

My host led me a distance of five yards from the main tent to a tiny hut, which reminded me of the little straw igloos set up in Times Square for selling pineapple juice. The hut, where I was to spend the night, was perched aloft on four poles. I had to climb a ladder before crawling through the doorway. In place of walls, the roof sloped acutely to the floor. It was in this excuse for a house that I slung my hammock and tried to get a night's sleep.

At one o'clock I was jolted awake by a sudden burst of quiet; the music had finally ceased. But at one minute past one, the flute and the drums were going loudly again. At three o'clock I was awakened, this time by my horse munching and sampling various tidbits of floor from beneath my straw penthouse. As I was wondering why only one man had learned to play the flute, I fell asleep.

When I arose at half past six, the musicians were still beating the tom-

toms. I climbed down and entered the jungle night club. The children in their mothers' arms were still smiling. The mothers asked me how

**God will not permit Himself to be outdone in generosity. Without stringless gifts how could Maryknoll pay the butcher, the baker, or any current expenses? Send a stringless gift to Maryknoll, and God will do His share.**

I had slept; the men wanted to know how they could help me fix an altar for saying Mass.

The entire congregation was remarkable for its

strained attention, as it attended the Holy Sacrifice.

A young boy was stricken with cerebral malaria that very morning. The poor eight-year-old was delirious, so I could only give him Extreme Unction. Later I learned that he died within thirty-six hours.

After Mass, when the vestments were repacked, I excused myself for a few minutes to make my thanksgiving.

One of the men approached with a glass, for the Padre to break his fast. One sip—and Padre's lungs almost broke! What I had thought was orange juice turned out to be a very special treat, offered in all innocence to the very special guest. The recipe called for the juice of one orange in a glass of wood alcohol!

After I returned to the parish house, the pastor asked, "How did you make out?"

"It was a bit rough in spots."

"Rough!" exclaimed Father Collins. "What did you expect—the seventh floor of the Waldorf-Astoria?"

**"THE Author of the salvation of man, Jesus Christ, having redeemed us from slavery with His blood, entrusted the world to His apostles to imbue it with His doctrine."**

**— Pope Leo XIII**



## Last Look for Father Peter

Was there a third passenger in the plane?

by Daniel B. McLellan

**T**HE AIR is always rough offshore Honolulu. Winds sweeping down from the Koolau Mountains erupt into turbulence as they curve up, around, and over the long-dead volcano that forms the majestic bulk of Diamond Head. This late afternoon was no exception.

The plane was acting strangely, too. Even though the tachometer, manifold-pressure gauge, and propeller pitch indicated that everything was normal, the plane acted as if some overload was trying to push us earthward, as though the little Beechcraft was carrying something other than the pilot and the aged Padre by his side. But the Padre didn't seem to mind the bumps. He had settled down to the reading of his breviary.

We headed out over the shark-infested Molakai channel, toward Kaulapapa, about fifty miles away. That is the spot hallowed by the labors of Father Damien, the leper.

Damien De Veuster had been one of the heroes in the boyhood dreams of the pilot. In high school the future flier had given a talk at a Students'

Mission Crusade rally, picturing Damien's first night on Kaulapapa. Little did that boy in those long-past years dream that another evening would find him flying "another Damien" over Kaulapapa—not to stay there, where the priest's heart would always be, but to bid a missionary's farewell to the place and the people that had been his life. The little priest was Father Peter D'Orgeville, of the Sacred Heart Fathers, who had labored for almost twenty years in the leper settlement.

Kaulapapa has changed much since the day when Damien arrived. It has changed much from the day, twenty years ago, when Father Peter went to live and die, he hoped, with the people he loved more than the honors the world had heaped upon him for his military career and his studies in mathematics and art.

Today the leper settlement is a clean, well-planned little town. The patients are a wonderful group of people whose cheerfulness would steal your heart. The most unforgettable character I ever met was an old

woman with snow-white hair, to whom I was introduced on a visit made some months earlier. She had come to Kaulapapa six months before Damien died of the disease. Her vocal cords are diseased, but she sang the most beautiful song I have heard; its refrain was, "Let's scatter seeds of kindness every day."

"There it is, Father Peter! There's Kaulapapa."

"Yes, I see it. I had thought never to see it again. Could we go down low? Maybe someone will notice the plane and say: 'Look at that plane! Maybe Father Peter is in it, come back to see us once again.'"

There was silence in the Beechcraft as Father Peter peered out into the lowering twilight. We circled again and again over the church and the rectory. A crowd of patients gathered in a group, watching our little plane. They must have known who was in it, else they who are always so cheerful would not have been weeping. We banked out to sea.

"Shall we go back again, Father?"

"No. It is enough. I have seen Kaulapapa once more."

Tears were tumbling down his cheeks; agony was in his eyes. There is no ache like the heartache that comes to a missionary when he must leave his people.

As the lights of Honolulu winked up out of the darkness and we touched down to earth, I couldn't help thinking that perhaps the spirit of Damien had flown with us to Molokai.

Be that as it may, I'm grateful to God for the privilege that was mine the night I flew "another Damien" to say good-by to Molokai.

The Most-Used Article  
in China

## WHAT IS IT?

by R. Russell Sprinkle

Some are expensive, with fringes  
and flowers;  
some are plain;  
others are rough, priced right for  
the poor.

There are long ones,  
short ones,  
wide ones,  
narrow ones.

The men have theirs;  
the women theirs.

Coolies have them,  
carriers have them,  
farmers have them.

They are in the houses of the rich,  
the homes of the poor,  
the hovels of the destitute.  
They go to work with the farmer.  
Every boat has a place for  
one.

A Chinese just could not get along  
without one.

The most-used article in China is—

jeans! v



## *A Day with the Deaf and Dumb*

Fathers Edward A. Walsh (left) and Bernard J. Harker giving the pupils in Kyoto's school for deaf mutes an opportunity to learn about the One True God. Some 75 pupils are now studying catechism. Unfortunately, there is room in this school for only 200 out of Kyoto's 2,000 deaf and dumb boys and girls.



# AFIELD *with the* MARYKNOLL

## SISTERS

CHINA • JAPAN • KOREA

MANCHURIA • CEYLON • CAROLINES • PHILIPPINES

HAWAII • PANAMA • NICARAGUA • BOLIVIA • AFRICA

## CHINA IS LIKE A RADISH— Red Outside, White Within

The hammer and sickle are gaining ground rapidly in the pagan Orient, and Catholics in those mission lands are being prepared for difficult days. God's Church is prepared to go underground as did the early Christians in the catacombs.

Yet the Maryknoll priests and Sisters continue their "journeyings often" by foot, bicycle, bus, junk, and sampan. Thanks to the prayers of many good souls, they have, so far, escaped all harm. Here is an account of a sample occurrence that promised a happy aftermath. The account is from Sister Maria del Rey (Danforth), of Pittsburgh, Pa.

"We were bent over, crouching in the hold of the up-river junk. And it was hot! Communists and bandits infested the river. Two or three times a day, as we passed danger spots where sharpshooters might be hiding, all passengers were ordered down into the hold for a steaming hour or so.

"Sister Imelda and I sat among

the automobile tires, the burlap sacks and wooden crates, the uncomfortably hot men, women, and babies. Like everyone else, we were hoping for a breath of air that had not been well breathed before.

"First-class passage; all the comforts of home!" said a jovial Chinese, fanning himself vigorously in front of us.

"We started talking with him in English and Chinese. Yes, he had studied in a Catholic school for a year or two; he always prayed to God in danger like this; he believed the Catholic Faith, and 'sooner or later' he would be baptized.

"Well, it wasn't a bad hour, after all. We talked and laughed, and a number of other passengers joined in from time to time. Best of all at the end of it, as we crawled along the three-foot-high passage in the ship's dark hold, out to the fresh air, our jolly friend said he had decided to have his baptism 'sooner' rather than 'later'!"

**The Sisters in Wuchow** write that, when the cook goes to do the shopping, she has to carry a bag of rice on her back and dole the grain out in exchange for her purchases. In Loting, a less-burdensome form of squaring accounts has been devised. Going to the butcher for meat, the cook takes the Sisters' charge-account book with her, and the cost of each purchase is noted therein in pounds of unhulled rice. Once a fortnight, the butcher calls to collect his grain.

The native Sisters of Laofuheo made a long trip by bicycle-taxi and used for taxi fare twenty pounds of peanut oil, which they carried in a tin can. At their convent is a new dog that answers to the name of *Chac Kuk*, or One-Hundred-Pounds-Rice—the price that purchased him.

The Wuchow Sisters are not alone on the road. Indeed, the only reason why they take to the byways of China is to conduct classes at some center, or to visit the sick or the dying, or to look up some missing member of the flock.

**The native Sister-catechists** are a great help in conducting village

catechumenates. Here is an account of a visit to one:

"Sister Mary and Sister Joseph went to Langtung, a village about twenty miles away, where we have two catechumenates going on at the same time. The Sisters took care of the sick—including a couple of sick pigs! A day was spent in overseeing the catechumenates and in visiting the homes.

"The evening was spent in preparing the Catholics for confession. After this, all went to the largest room in the village, to teach or be taught prayers and catechism. Those not needed there, said the Rosary in a smaller room. This is the regular program in this village, where a year ago there wasn't a single Christian.

"On the following day, two Fathers arrived to say Mass. Our only complaint was that the largest room we could command was too small for the crowd that attended.

"By the time we were ready to start home, word of Sister's hypodermic having brought a dying pig back to life had been spread through the village. Consequently, many villagers asked her to look at their ailing pigs and chickens."

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MARYKNOLL SISTERS, MARYKNOLL P. O., NEW YORK.

Dear Sisters:

In spirit I am with your missioners in their grand apostolate. To help make it fruitful, I enclose \$\_\_\_\_\_ as a token of my good will.

Name \_\_\_\_\_

Street \_\_\_\_\_

City \_\_\_\_\_

Zone \_\_\_\_\_

State \_\_\_\_\_

Each month, I will offer \_\_\_\_\_ days of prayer and work for the missions.

Each month, for as long as I can, I will send \$\_\_\_\_\_ to sponsor a Maryknoll Sister. I understand that this does not obligate me in any way.



Sister Regina Marie and Sister Ann Carol pause on their mission trip to enjoy the picturesque rice-field scenery and to chat with a farmer's daughter.



Sister Andrew Marie thinks that the typical Palau Islander has a keen appreciation of the religious realities the Faith has brought into his life.

**From China:** "We should like to place an inexpensive Crib in each of our villages at Christmas time. Do you know where we could get \$30 to purchase a Crib for each village chapel?"

**The Bread and Wine** for the Holy Sacrifice must be paid for, like everything else. Who will provide these essentials for one mission, for one year? The cost is \$30.

**"There Isn't Any More!"** Tragic words for a Maryknoll missionary to say to the lines of patient, helpless Chinese holding out their rice bowls. If you could see these people as our priests do, and realize their need, you would gladly make a sacrifice to supply their food. Give \$1 — \$5 — anything. But give, please.

**Lifesaver!**—Iodine for cleansing wounds. In our mission in Africa, \$5 for iodine may save a hundred useful lives. To give that sum will be an act of mercy, indeed.

**Some Day** we shall have the money to build a chapel for the Maryknoll Center and major Seminary. We shall be grateful for any gift, large or small, for this dream chapel.

**One Thousand Christian Families** in Kongmoon, China, lost everything during the war. A rosary, a picture of the Sacred Heart or of the Blessed Virgin, would mean much to each family. Twenty cents will cover the cost for one. Who will spare a few dollars to renew the Christians' hope? The more we get, the more we can supply.



**Let Your Light Shine.** Half a gallon of gasoline, worth 15c, will supply light for the church at Puno, Peru, during evening devotions and for baptisms and confessions. Will someone give \$1 a week to keep this church alight?

**Hunger Hurts!** It is not easy for a missionary to refuse to satisfy the outstretched hands holding empty rice bowls. But Father Steinbach, of Kyoto, must do that when his food supply runs out. He needs \$50 a month to buy rice, to help cure the hunger pangs of starving Japanese.

**"Lord, that I may see!"** Blind persons in China often find their way to the Maryknoll mission, "looking" for help. Could you brighten their lives by sending \$5 to aid in their support?

**Side by Side** with the Maryknollers in China and Latin America, are working the native clergy. The cost of the education of native priests runs to \$15 a month, each. But their value to the work of Christ is a hundred times that.

**Motherless and Destitute** — but not forgotten. Orphans of South China will not be left to die in neglect, if you will send the \$5 needed for monthly support.

**White, Red, Green, Purple** — Vestments of these colors were lost at one Chinese mission during the war. A gift of \$100 would replace them. This chapel would be ready again for Mass.





## Maryknoll Mission Needs

Africa, motorcycle . . . . .	\$600
Chile, Christmas crib . . . . .	35
China, catechist salary, monthly . . . . .	15
Bolivia, a river boat for Mass . . . . .	2,000
Guatemala, confessional . . . . .	30
Japan, ciborium . . . . .	75
Korea, altar cloths . . . . .	30
Mexico, school . . . . .	1,000
Peru, sacristy supplies . . . . .	25
Africa, Mass wine and hosts . . . . .	40
China, Mass kit . . . . .	150
All missions, any gift for chapel building fund . . . . .	\$_____

A Maryknoll Annuity might interest you. Annuity holders enjoy income from their funds. Write us for a free Annuity booklet.

**THE MARYKNOLL FATHERS**  
**MARYKNOLL P. O., N. Y.**



**Sunrise on Lake Victoria finds these Tanganyika fishermen setting their homespun fish nets**



